

## The Bonny Bryer,

O R

A Lancashire Lasse, her sore lamentation,  
For the death of her Loue, and her owne reputation.

To the tune of the Bonny Broome.



Ope morning early by the breake of day,  
walking to Totnam Court  
Upon the left hand of the high way,  
I heard a sad report;  
I made a stay, and look'd about me then,  
wondering from whence it was,  
At last I spyed within my ken  
a blyth and buyome Lasse.  
Sing O the Bryer, the bony bony Bryer,  
the Bryer that is so sweet:  
Would I had stayd in Lancashire,  
to milke my mothers Neate.

I drew moze neare and layd me all along,  
upon the grasse so greene,  
Where I might heare her dulcis tongue,  
yet I was from her unscene:  
What's me (quoth shee) that ever I was bozne  
to come to London Citty,  
For now, alas, I am made a scoone  
and none my woes will pittie.  
But O the Bryer, &c.

Spine Came and that have often said at home  
that London is a place,  
Where Lasses may to preferment come,  
within a litle space:  
This I finde true though they meant other (wife,  
which makes me thus lament,  
By belly doth to preferment rise,  
as if some Warne were in't.  
With O the Bryer, the bony bony Bryer,  
the Bryer that is so sweet:  
Would I had stayd in Lancashire,  
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These woords did my desire inflame,  
at home I could not bide  
But up to London in hast I came,  
I may bewaile the Tide,  
I now I wish'd that I at home had stayd,  
and not preferment sought,  
I'm neither Widdow, Wife, nor Mayde  
then what may I be thought.  
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I had in London tarried but a yeare,  
yet in that time while,  
I fell in love with a bonny Bryer,  
the sweetest in a mile:  
He mickle good-will did beare unto me,  
I thinke he did not faile,  
For by a craven lately he,  
was in my quarrell slain.  
Sing O the Bryer, &c.

Before that deere and most unhappy day,  
hee with me true content,  
Had tane, alas my mayden-head away,  
and to wed me in hast hee meant:  
But my great belly seemeth me to twit,  
with my too wanton carriage,  
To lose that I am I wanted wit,  
before my day of marriage.  
But O the Bryer, the bonny bonny Bryer,  
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The second Part To the same tune.



**B**ut iust foure dayes before the pointed time  
that should haue made me a wife,  
Sweet Willy Bryer was slaine in his prime  
being stab'd to the heart with a knife :  
But had it beene with Staffe or Sword,  
all in the open field,  
The Rascall would haue eate his word,  
that thus my deare bath kil'd.  
With O the Bryer, the bonny bonny Bryer,  
the Bryer that is so sweet :  
Would I had stayd in Lancashire,  
to milke my mothers Neat.

Woe worth the wretch whereuer hee be fled,  
would I reueng'd could be,  
Lost is my Lone and my spaiden head,  
what shall become of me :  
Sight I but see him hanging by the crag,  
that causeth all this woe,  
I would something mitigate the plague,  
which I must vndergoe.  
But O the Bryer, &c.

What shall I doe, my shame I cannot hide,  
my belly will be knotone  
And all my friends and kin will me chide,  
for giuing away mine owne :  
To London Citty will I goe no more,  
where I haue dwelt a yeere,  
Yet if I knew how to salve my soze,  
I'd goe home to Lancashire.  
But O the Bryer, &c.

I hearing her last speeches that she spoke,  
rose and to her I kept,  
More pittie did my heart provoke,  
to see how soze she wept : (friends  
faire lasse, quoth I, goe home vnto your  
that is your safest way,  
Great misery all such attends,  
that in your case heere stay,

With O the Bryer, the bonny bonny Bryer.  
the Bryer that is so sweet,  
Goe get thee home into Lancashire,  
and milke thy mothers Neat.

She blushing said, Sir I thanke you heartily,  
for this your counsell kinde  
But in this field I had rather die  
with cold and hunger pinde :  
Then to my kin be made a iest,  
for going thus astray,  
Sweet heart quoth I, set your heart at rest,  
and list what I shall say.  
With O the Bryer, &c.

Goe home vnto your friends faire lasse,  
tell them that your good man :  
I'th the Swedish warres late killed was,  
none there dispone you can :  
This is the way which commonly is done  
and when that you are layd,  
You'll soone be match'd with a Peomans son,  
and an honest wife be made.  
With O the Bryer, &c.

She promised me my counsell to imbrace,  
and seemed in minde content :  
She wipt the teares quite from her face,  
and to Wotnam Court she went :  
On her some Cakes and Ale, I did bestow,  
then she no longer tarried,  
But home to Lancashire she did goe,  
where since I heare she's married.  
With O the Bryer, the bonny bonny Bryer,  
the Bryer that is so sweet :  
Now is the lasse in Lancashire,  
and milkes her mothers Neate.

FINIS

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M.P.